

Mr Charlesworth

"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—CHRIST.

The Christian Freeman.

A Monthly Unitarian Journal.

DEVOTED TO RELIGIOUS, MORAL, AND SOCIAL PROGRESS.

With an Eight Page Supplement of "RECORD OF UNITARIAN WORTHIES."

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Notes of the Month.

HOME AND ABROAD.

THE FREE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND has decided by a large majority for disestablishment and disendowment.

THE BIBLE AND SCIENCE.—Dean Stanley at St. Andrew's said: What a fund of conciliation is wrapped up in all larger and more truthful views of science, of literature, and the Bible.

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC BISHOP MARTIN declares in a book that the Pope is the supreme ruler of the universe. The Prussian authorities, to show the bishop is in error, and the Pope is not supreme ruler, have forbidden the circulation of this blasphemy.

THE ATHANASIAN CREED.—A clergyman writes to us: "In rejecting the so-called Athanasian Creed, which contains the vital truths of the gospel, you must of necessity reject *God's conditions of salvation*"—"He that believeth and is baptised shall be saved: and he that believeth not shall be damned."

WILBERFORCE AND COLENZO.—We print the following from a Church paper, the *Rock* :—

A bishop who preferment got
By zeal for the poor Hottentot
Then aimed, from biblical research,
A deadly weapon at the Church—,
False to, and from his duties free,
Retains the profits of the see!
Strange that such teaching should end so!
Judas! revived in a Colenso,
Complete the type! Give back the pelf,
And then go out and hang thyself!

[We print the above as a curious study in psychology. It is a singular trait in the late Bishop Wilberforce's character that he should have failed to perceive that these verses, while undeniably true of Dr. Colenso, were at least equally applicable to certain other traitors with whom he maintained very intimate relations. Neither does the closing recommendation breathe much of the spirit of Christian love. The lines scarcely deserve to be included in the anthology of an Anglican bishop.—ED.]

CHANNING'S WORKS.—A very handsome edition of the above at 4s. 2d. has been issued by the American Association. It can be had in London, 37, Norfolk-street, Strand, at the above price.

THE ROCK ON DEAN STANLEY.—We fail to find in the Dean's allocutions any reference to the vicarious sacrifice of Christ; in fact, all that he said to the Scottish undergraduates might have been equally well spoken by a clever *Pagan*.

EGOTISM.—Mr. Moody said in Exeter Hall, "He had received a letter from a mother who had lost three children in ten days; one, ten years old, said she was longing for Mr. Moody and Sankey to come to London, to be a Christian." Rather curious if this *poor child* could not be a Christian till they came.

THE DECLINE OF ROMANISM ABROAD.—Signor Braccioforti informs his Unitarian brethren in England that in Italy the Roman Catholic Church is losing its people by tens of thousands, and the newspapers inform us the tightening of the papal repressive machinery has forced 50,000 Polish Catholics out of the communion in a body. They were received, after proper examination as to the motives, by the Greek Church. Thirty-five priests followed them.

THE JEWISH HOPE.—Many of the most thoughtful and pious of the Jewish persuasion view the present condition of the Christian Church with much complacency. They see the prospect clear before them of the doctrine of the "*Unity of God*" being everywhere soon adopted. We also rejoice in their hope. The following is from the *Jewish Messenger*, which thinks that Judaism has a brilliant future. It says:—"Here, where a thousand different sects abide in peace, Judaism will have time and space to develop its real character, as it has never before been permitted to develop. Here, where circumstances are so propitious, supposing, of course, that our people emulate the virtues and not the backslidings of their fathers, Judaism will attain a breadth and beauty unrecognisable in its whole previous history."

LET US BE WISE.—The *Independent* says:—"The Unitarians have whittled their doctrinal basis down to a very fine point; nevertheless, they spend about half the time at every meeting of their conference in debating whether it is not either too broad or too narrow."

SUNDAY SCHOOLS.—It is thought that there are at least 300,000 children in the Sunday-schools on the continent of Europe, although this institution is comparatively new there. Its foothold seems now secure in Germany, France, Switzerland, Holland and Sweden, and it is gaining in Russia and Denmark.

PARTICULARITY.—Mrs. Van Cott says that in one year she has spent 1766 hours in religious meetings, travelled 7208 miles, written 650 letters, conducted 823 prayer-meetings, preached 339 times, and converted 1735 people. Moody and Sankey started for England to save 10,000 souls. They may yet report they saved 10,001.

THE POOR CURATE.—A friend says he has during the last few months seen the following lines verified. The curate of his parish was promoted, after fifty years of incessant toil, and died a few months after receiving his charge, receiving a better inheritance:—

"The poor curate, grief-worn, grey, and old,

Who counts his joys, but leaves his cares untold;

Less than a servant, though not quite a slave,

Yet thankful for each good that fortune gave;

Turns from the paltry pittance, hard-earned cheer,

And mournful lot of many a bygone year,
To the long looked-for living come at last!
His one fond dream of fifty summers past."

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.—We could name several of our Sunday-schools presided over by men and women of the highest social position and intelligence among our churches. It was remarked some time ago in the London papers that not a few who had attained the first rank in our law courts and in commerce were Sunday-school teachers. It is a good sign when the best thinkers and writers of all denominations are occasionally quitting the walks of philosophy and theology to speak a helping word. The Sunday-school has done, and is doing more to simplify truth, than all other agencies combined. There is not a Christian doctrine that is not re-studied, re-translated, that it may be understood by the young. Doctors of divinity, Professors of sacred language, commentators, are all entering into the work of the Sunday-school.

SOUND DOCTRINE.—The *Interior*, a Methodist paper, says:—"We believe that some Universalists (all of them are Unitarian) will go to heaven, and that some professing Calvinists, unless they improve on their present conduct, stand a very good chance of going to —."

THE CONGREGATIONALISTS.—A correspondent of the *Independent* shows that, in round numbers, the Congregational Dissenters of London have, during the last twenty years, built 143 chapels; or, to bring the subject into a narrower compass, more than six, if not quite seven places of worship every year; besides remodelling and enlarging, or otherwise improving, several others.

COMPREHENSION.—At the installation of a Universalist pastor in San Francisco, the opening prayer was delivered by a Unitarian, the Scriptures were read by a Jewish Rabbi, a Presbyterian offered the second prayer, the sermon was preached by a Congregationalist, and the charge to the pastor and address to the people were given by Unitarians. This is the true kind of comprehension.

MINISTERIAL DUTY.—A secular paper says there are few things that we admit more in a minister than his willingness to take an offered field of work, without too much fastidiousness about its location. A workman is known by his chips, and it does not matter much where the wood-pile may be. God sees it, and so do discerning men.

THE LIFE OF DR. GANNETT.—We have not seen for years a more handsome or useful book than the "Life of Rev. Dr. Gannett," by his son, Rev. W. C. Gannett, with appropriate illustrations, including an engraved likeness. This book has been prepared with unstinted labour and scrupulous fidelity, and we are sure that it will be warmly welcomed and highly valued. All Unitarians will be deeply interested in the story of the life of one of our ablest champions and noblest exemplars. It is to be had at 37, Norfolk-street, Strand, London.

WHENCE UNITARIANISM.—One of our readers received the following for sending a Unitarian tract:—"I beg to return this tract, and while you vindicate your system of theology I vindicate mine—by returning this to you —am sorry I cannot thank you for mistaken charity. I am not a particular admirer of Mr. Moody; but far less for those who deny the divinity of my Lord, my Saviour, co-equal with the Father, &c. —I remain and believe that Unitarianism is from hell. I therefore despise it, and recommend you to do the same."

THE PRIMITIVE METHODISTS are being a little exercised at the disposition of some of their people to invite Unitarian ministers to preach in their pulpits. Their organ says:—"People need to be reminded again and again of the evils of Unitarianism, and the danger of fraternising with its advocates, and being imposed upon by its fair speeches."

THE LATE DR. LEE.—A friend informs us that the late Dr. Lee, of Edinburgh, whose sermons were noticed in our pages the other month, was in early life as bitter against Unitarians as any minister in Scotland could be, and it was the reading of the Rev. John James Tayler's "Retrospect of Religious Life in England" that commenced the change in Lee's life.

THE POPE AND LIBERTY OF CONSCIENCE.

—The Pope has just written to a professor at the University of Louvain, strongly censuring the wickedness of those persons "boastfully styling themselves Catholics," who "obstinately adhere to the liberty of conscience, liberty of creed, the freedom of the press, and similar kinds of liberty which the Church has always condemned."

MOODY AND SANKEY IN EAST LONDON.

—It is a very grave consideration the circulation of tracts full of the word "Blood, blood, blood." How largely this language pervades the profane swearing of the roughs, and the other word "Hell," which the revivalists are always repeating. We have just reason to believe that the literature and the discourses of revivalism do something to increase in the public thoroughfares these offensive epithets.

HIGH, LOW, AND BROAD.—It is estimated that of the 20,000 clergymen belonging to the Church of England 10,000 are High Churchmen, 5000 Low Churchmen, 2000 Broad Churchmen, and 3000 colourless or nondescript Churchmen. In the American Episcopal Church the High Churchmen considerably outnumber the Low Churchmen, and there is also a large body of nondescript clergy; but the Broad Church party has a very small following.

THE FREE RELIGIONISTS OF AMERICA.—We have had several well authenticated notes sent us of the downward tendency of those professors—Christ first renounced; immutably next denied; God distrusted, &c. We are not therefore surprised at the following recent editorial contribution to the *Index*, in which the Rev. O. B. Frothingham gives his most advanced views on the subject of prayer. He says:—"The Christian belief in prayer for spiritual, no less than material, gifts is of the very essence of superstition, and like any other superstition should be condemned unhesitatingly."

A PRETTY QUARREL is now going on in East London among what are called very orthodox people about "Salvation." The Sacramentalists are taking high ground, and saying, "Dissenters can only *talk* about this subject, the blood of Christ, none but those who partake of the body and blood of our blessed Lord in the Sacrament of the Holy Eucharist *know* anything of the great sacrifice of Calvary." It is said that the want of success of Mr. Moody and Sankey is ascribed to differences among the ministers in this part of London.

A BITTER SPIRIT.—There are men, and women too, who would be horror stricken if a ball were to be gotten up in their neighbourhood, who will not hesitate to originate and perpetuate church bickerings and quarrels. They would consider it mortal sin to dance; and are yet the stirrers up of strife, jealousies, animosities and hard feelings, as far as their influence extends. They will not dance; but they will do worse. Dancing is bad enough; but bitter words and a bitter spirit are much worse.—*Rev. C. G. Finney.*

PETTY PERSECUTION.—Not a few of our people are completely opposed to any efforts to spread the true doctrines of Unitarian Christianity, and so people are allowed to remain in ignorance and malignity against Unitarians; a friend writes us:—"My mother some years ago had a nice quiet young girl in her house to assist, and whilst there she attended our Unitarian Sunday-school. After being at another place, she was glad to get back into the neighbourhood. She was told she might attend what place of worship she pleased. When she told them she would like to go to the Unitarian chapel they were quite horrified, and said she might go *anywhere* BUT THERE."

CATHOLICISM, IGNORANCE, AND CRIME.

—Nearly two-thirds of the population of Prussia are Protestants. One-tenth of the population are illiterate, and these are principally Roman Catholics. The report just issued of the Inspector-General of Prisons in Ireland for 1873 shows that every ten thousand Presbyterians contributed 33 criminals; the same number of Episcopalians, 53; and every ten thousand Roman Catholics, 69 criminals. And it will be remembered that the four men who were executed recently at Liverpool professed to be Roman Catholics, and had mass said for them before ascending the scaffold; and St. Ange Sievre, of Biel, Switzerland, an Old Catholic priest, states that "during the last two years sixty-seven Roman Catholic priests have been convicted of immorality in France and Switzerland."

A PROTESTANT INQUISITOR.

FROM THE GERMAN.

THROUGH the quiet valley glides our steamer, sending up thick clouds of vapour, or puffs of hissing steam, on through the deep blue waves of the beautiful Lake Leman, glittering in the sunlight. To the left we see the dim ascending shores of Savoy indented with deep inlets, and in the background the jagged rocky points, the advanced-guard of the snowy alps; to the right the great laughing vineyards of Waadt, behind which extend the uniform heights of the Jura mountains. It is a delightful sail; the lake grows narrower and narrower; at last it has only the width of a large river, and before us on the shore arise long white rows of imposing edifices, spacious quays, long colossal bridges, and above these the august city, crowned with the proud, although architecturally unsuccessful cathedral of St. Peter. We are in Geneva, once called Protestant Rome, —now little Paris,—but ever by preference the “city of Calvin.”

Through the influence of the tendencies of former historians we are still accustomed to regard the theologian, John Calvin, as the reformer of French Switzerland, as the benefactor of the little republic of Geneva, and as a man of enlightened views. Such a conception is three-fold false, as has been proved by the latest examination of the archives of Geneva.

The gloomy old city at the outlet of the Rhone from Lake Leman, at that time not adorned with the modern quays, bridges, and hotels, but cut off from the splendid watery mirror by walls and narrow water gates, was already, before Calvin had been seen there, converted to the faith of the reformation. The founder of this work, Fromment, had under the mask of instructions in reading and writing begun to agitate against the abuses in the Church, and at last, together with his friends Farel and Viret, stood at the head of a powerful party in opposition to the Catholic Sorbonne—Doctor Guy Furbity, who expressed the opinion that, “the Romish Priests stood above the mother of Christ, for she had only once borne a Christ, while they made him every

day.” With the help of the powerful city of Berne the Reformers succeeded in destroying the images, and driving out the monks and nuns (1534); and the assistance of a league called the “Eidgenossen,” after whom the progressive Genevans also were called, gave to the followers of the reformed doctrines in French Switzerland, from that time, the name of Huguenots, a title which has seemed so inexplicable to many persons, but which was nothing but a corruption of “Eidgenossen,” (in French, Euguenot) a German word for “confederates.”

Two years later, the Frenchman, John Cauvin or Calvin, arrived in Geneva. Persecuted in his own land—although its king from political reasons was allied with foreign Protestants and even with the Turks—he chose Geneva as the place for exhibition of his active exertions for the dogma of salvation by election, which he declared the foundation of religion; according to which only a few had been elected by God for eternal felicity, but the remainder in spite of all their merits must be damned. This fearful view he would make supreme in all lands speaking the French language, first in Geneva, and then, which interested him still more, in France.

To the genuine jovial Genevan these gloomy views of Calvin, this degrading the Creator into a passionate enemy of mankind, seeking their damnation, must have been a horror. It was, therefore, before all things the object of Calvin to subdue these light-hearted Genevans, and this he hoped to effect by persuading all Frenchmen persecuted for their faith to come to Geneva, where they blindly submitted to their countrymen and protector. First in small numbers, then in crowds, the fugitives appeared, acquired the right of settlement, then citizens' rights, and after a few years surpassed in numbers the native Genevans, among whom also Calvin gained many followers. Thus arose two parties; the Old Genevans with their Swiss inclination, followers of Zwinglius, and not contemning this life and a moderate gaiety, on the one side; on the other, the immigrant French and their patron, disliking the

Swiss followers of Calvin, and devoted to a gloomy, joyless, dogmatic view of this world.

Calvin shunned no means to strengthen himself in his mastery over souls. He received a large salary, equal to 6000 francs of the present time, also a furnished house, fuel, and various other necessities, also presents of clothing; besides this, he had the commission "to compose laws for the government of the people." He immediately organised a regular system of espionage, by means of which he, as Galiffe relates, received daily information not only of the acts, mien, and words, but even of the thoughts and opinions of every inhabitant of Geneva, yes, even of those absent from the city. Whoever offended him was complained of as an "offender against God," and in three places in the city, clothed only in a shirt, with a torch in the hand, kneeling must publicly beg for pardon, and acknowledge his wrong-doing.

Six fathers of families who had done nothing more than offer opposition to the armed French Calvinists who must "conduct" the elections in the interest of their master, were beheaded; the bodies of two of them were quartered, also; and following from this were more executions and numerous banishments of opponents of Calvin.

In the five years from 1541 to 1546, when the whole government of Geneva stood under the influence of Calvin, seventy-six persons were banished; from eight to nine hundred imprisoned; and fifty-eight executed. In thirty-eight of the latter, the favourite charge, "witchcraft," was made the pretence. Twenty-eight of the beheaded were women, among them the mother of the executioner, he being also compelled to cut off her living hand, and afterwards burn the body of her who had borne him. One of the unfortunates hung herself in despair in her cell; another threw herself out of the window; taken up alive, she was burnt. There was also interference in every way with private life. At a baptism the children might receive no other names but those from the Bible; music and dancing were forbidden pleasures, and during Calvin's life no theatres were

open for performances. They also attempted to close the taverns, but without success. Immorality grew from year to year, caused principally by the behaviour of the immigrants.

More fearful meanwhile than this perverted morality in minor affairs, was Calvin's government in matters of faith. The number of well-known men who during his time were punished on account of their faith was thirty-three. Jacques Gruet, who was only suspected of having written a pamphlet against the French ministers in Geneva, was beheaded; Jerome Bolsec on account of holding views differing from Calvin's was banished for life. But the most excitement was created through the judicial murder of the Spanish physician, Michael Servetus, who permitted himself in his writings to form a conception of the Trinity different from that of the theologians of his time.

As Servetus on his journeys was remaining for a time in Vienne in France, he entered into correspondence with Calvin, imagining he could convert the stern Reformer to his own views. But Calvin broke off intercourse with him, and wrote to Farel in Neuenburg, "If Servetus should come to Geneva I would not allow him to remain alive." When, therefore Servetus published a new work attacking both Catholic and Protestant orthodoxy, a French fugitive in Geneva wrote to his relatives in Lyons, "It was very unfitting to persecute Protestants in France so much, while in Vienne a heretic was tolerated who deserved to be burnt." This relative then made accusation against Servetus to the inquisition in Vienne. But the proofs seemed not yet sufficient to them, and some of Servetus' letters were now sent to them by the above mentioned fugitive; these the latter could only have received from Calvin, who had corresponded with the unfortunate man. Thus was he convicted, but, however, escaped the prison; upon which his effigy and his works were burned by command of the Inquisition.

The unsuspecting heretic, however, had only saved himself from the Papal Charybdis in order to fall into the abyss of the Calvinistic Scylla. Unfortunately fate led this victim of two

inquisitions to Geneva. In this supposed asylum of persecuted religious martyrs, was to be exhibited the monstrous spectacle of a Protestant burning of heretics!

As much opposition arose against the intended murder of this heretic, Calvin overbore this entirely by obtaining opinions on the point from foreign theologians, and these decided him; on the 26th of October, 1553, the unfortunate man was condemned, by fifteen votes against five (five of the opponents of Calvin were absent), to the same death to which at that time in his native land, Spain, all Genevans without exception would have been given up! Calvin had conquered, and the Reformation was stained with an indelible blot.

In order to give the appearance of pity for his victim the dictator proposed exchanging the death by fire—to beheading. Servetus, on whose soul a deceitful beam of hope in his acquittal had shone, is said at the announcement of the sentence to have fallen into the deepest despair, and to have cried for mercy. But a recantation he refused to make. On the day after the sentence, on the heights of Châmpel by Geneva, flashed the flames which devoured this forlorn inquirer, in order, as these burners of men imagined, to prove to the world that three are one, and one is three.

Calvin had through his inquisitorial misdeed at last accomplished his object, to reign undisturbed in Geneva to the end of his life, and in his character as Pope to meet no contradiction from the believers in grace by election. He experienced the triumph, that the followers of Luther, Zwinglius, Melancthon and Bullinger congratulated him on his method of removing heretics. On the other hand, the independent theologians, Castellio, Socinus, Celsus, and De Thon condemned this burning. The first-named was himself on account of his opinions driven out of his situation as rector of the College of Geneva.

Over all Europe Calvin extended his nets, in order to win souls to his dogmas. The Scotch reformer, John Knox, became his pupil, and transplanted his principles to the north of Britain, where the Presbyterian church became a daughter of the Calvinistic.

To-day his whole work may be regarded as entirely ineffective. Scarcely one person believes seriously in his doctrine of grace by election; in his own Geneva the most varying opinions, from extreme radicalism and nihilism to infallible ultramontaniam, have their followers; and the Academy founded by him for the purpose of cherishing his dogmas has become a celebrated school of science, and the seat of freest research and inquiry. Till now only one thing has been wanting; the general recognition that Calvin must stand on the same platform with Torquemada, Ximenes, and the other Spanish grand inquisitors; and this his fanatical zeal deserves, as well as his recklessness in the choice of means to ends—while as to his character, like those of the Spaniards mentioned, justice must allow that, aside from matters of faith, he was a pure-minded man, striving for the truth, but falling ever on false paths.

JULIA A. SPRAGUE.

THE DAY OF SALVATION.

THE history of the idea of salvation in the Christian Church is an interesting one to trace. With the open Bible in their hands, we have a right to expect that all Christians should be able not only to give a clear statement of the nature of salvation, but that their statement should be in harmony with the scriptural teaching. So far from this being the case, however, the general misconception of the whole subject is marvellous, almost past belief. The word seems to suggest something afar-off and unreal. Indeed the whole subject of religion has, all through the ages, been enveloped in the clouds of mystery and ghostliness. The early Christian converts seem to have brought this superstitious instinct with them when they came from the ranks of heathenism. And they engrafted upon the Church all the paraphernalia of priestcraft and imposing ceremonial. Something of all this has been handed down from century to century. It is not at all a part of Christianity, and yet it is bound up with it, overgrowing and distorting it, and keeping the multitude from seeing the pure, practical religion of Jesus as it is. The power of this influence is

felt, even by those of us who are aware of its presence, and who desire to be free from it. We are inclined to fancy, in a vague way at least, that our religious acts have a vicarious as well as intrinsic value. And we are wont to hold religious truth in quite different esteem—as to its reality and practical use—from other truth. The truth as regards material things—things that we actually see, feel, and hear, through our bodily senses, the laws of cause and effect, and the facts of science—all these seem to us tangible and real. We accept them as matters of great importance, now and here. But the things of religion,—the truths that relate to spiritual affairs—are wont to seem of little practical value. And such value as they have, is not for the present time, but for that which is to come; in short, as adapted not to this world, but to the next.

The estimate we place upon these truths is in accordance with the idea of their prospective value. The popular sentiment is, that religion relates to the future, and its object is the salvation of the soul. Inquire as to the common idea of salvation, and you find that it is the getting to heaven in the next world. Inquire of the believer in partial or universal salvation, and you find the apprehension of the subject pretty much the same, the difference consisting simply in the number saved, and not in the time or process of the saving. Is not this so? Let the reason for it be what it will, the result of long habit, or of continued erroneous teachings, the moment the word salvation is mentioned, the mind in attempting to grasp the idea, gropes away in the deep shadowy mists of the future, and attempts to discern things beyond the river. Of course there are many who take a different view, and realise the true nature of the subject, but we have been speaking of the common conception (or rather misconception), which is a thing to be deplored.

All those who are trying to make the world better by reforming the bad, and arousing a higher, better spirit in all people, find this false, or incomplete idea of salvation in their way. Religion and morality are counted two different

things. Present duty, want and blessing are regarded as infinitely nearer, and for the time being, at least, infinitely more needful, than the salvation of God, that is so far away and so incomprehensible. And this misplaced distinction is the reason for the fact that in all matters of common benevolence and moral reform, it is quite as difficult to enlist the sympathy and aid of professed evangelical Christians, as that of ordinary world's people. It would seem a foregone conclusion that the world will not cease to be filled with wickedness, nor the millennium dawn, until there is a higher and more practical idea of this subject. John Wesley, that devoted, clear-sighted follower of Christ, alludes to the popular mistake in language like this: "My salvation I mean, not barely according to the vulgar notion, deliverance from hell or going to heaven, but a present deliverance from sin." Any idea of salvation which is destitute of this element of "present deliverance from sin," is hopelessly deficient. Whatever else, or whatever more is included, this certainly must be, or this world has practically nothing to hope from the preaching, or reception of the doctrine. The truth is, there is nothing whatever that comes so near the actual life of man, nothing so entirely real, so absolutely a matter of fact, and of present importance as the salvation of God. It is deliverance from evil, from wrong of every kind as it finds dwelling place in the human soul. It is deliverance from sin. It must in its very nature be a present salvation. We cannot come into possession of it prospectively. If salvation is not ours to-day, we have no part in it at all. It is a present condition of purity of heart or it is nothing. Thus are we brought to see the truth of the affirmation, "Now is the day of salvation." The careful reader of the New Testament will observe that where the duty or privilege of man is concerned, it recognises only one time, *now*, and its few allusions to the future are but incidental, all having a bearing on the all important "now." "Now is the judgment of this world." "To-day if ye will hear his voice." "By faith are ye saved." "*Now* is the prince of this world cast out." "The hour cometh

and *now is*." "*Now abideth* faith, hope charity." "The dead *are* raised incorruptible." "All *live* unto him." "The kingdom of God *is* within you." "*Now* is the accepted time." And so all the way through. If we sit down to the study of the New Testament, applying to it the rules of grammar, and analysing the verbs, we shall find such monotony of construction, that we shall rise with the conviction that the whole book is in the "indicative mood, present tense." We gain wisdom only by improving for study, moment after moment, as it comes. We acquire wealth only by diligence in business, and economy in life, persisted in day by day, as the days come and go. In each hour, the work of that hour must be accomplished, or it will be forever neglected. There is no such thing as making up lost time. To each moment and day belongs its own duties and work,—all that the diligent, faithful worker, can possibly accomplish in the time. If we occupy to-day in doing the work of yesterday, then to-day's duties are neglected. And thus we find that, "*now*" is the emphatic word of all successful practical life, as well as of the Bible. An eloquent and faithful minister of the Gospel once said, that if he were to have a motto placed very conspicuously over his doorway, where he should read it as he went out and in, and where he should see it every time he looked up, he should want the words to be these, "*Do it now*." It would be a good thing if we could all obey such a motto as that. There is always some duty unperformed, always some good deed remaining to be done, always some good word to be spoken. If we always had the courage, self-denial, and will to "*Do it now*," how great and blessed would be the result, not only to us personally but to others, and even sometimes to the world, for we little realise how far an apparently trifling influence sometimes reaches.

The irreparable evil result of deferring what one really means and wishes to do, is well illustrated in an article recently published in one of the popular magazines. The story is of an artist who had conceived in his soul an idea of the Madonna, which should surpass any-

thing which had yet been given to the world. He was unwearying in his preparation. He was unceasing in his study of the best models, and in availing himself of every aid that could help him in perfecting the wonderful picture he meant to paint. He furnished a suitable studio. He gathered his materials, he prepared his canvas and placed it in the best light upon the easel. He prevailed upon a young girl, perfect in form and feature, and radiant with the innocence of maidenhood, to sit as his model as he painted. Months and years past while he continued to prepare himself, as he thought, better and better for his work, and he contemplated with ever increasing rapture the picture which grew more and more beautiful in his imagination. Year after year glided away, and he spent the hours gazing upon his waiting canvas, wandering among the works of the old masters, or with boundless enthusiasm describing to all hearers the marvellous grace and perfection of the picture he should one day give to the world. But his locks grew thin, his step grew slow, his hand lost something of its steady skill, and the young girl grew into an old, faded, and sorrowful woman, and at length, though he never noted the flight of time, or the changes it had wrought, he fell into the arms of death. When friends, who had believed in him, and who had waited for the time when his Madonna should be unveiled before the world, came and lifted the drapery that covered the long hidden canvas, they found no picture.

We all of us know just such people, men and women of splendid gifts, standing still, enraptured with the glory of the work that ought to be done, and that they even mean to do sometime. Ah! if they but realised how the sands of time glide away, and that now is the day of salvation! But human nature is weak, and we cannot do all we wish. Our ideal must always be higher than our attainment. This is true for the present at least, though I dare hope that in the infinite years of the future to which the loving Father will bring us, ye will find a way for us to reach our loftiest aspirations, and will make for our struggling souls the ideal the possible.

A. F. CHAPIN.

A STONE MOST PRECIOUS.

BY BEATRICE A. JOURDAN.

"AND her light was like unto a stone most precious, like a jasper stone, clear as crystal.' Oh mother, that sounds like as if it must be very beautiful! What sort of stone can it be, though?"

"I'm sure I don't know, Jesse. I ain't learned in such things. Go on reading, there's a dear. You've got to read very nice, now, as good as a parson a'most."

"Have I? But I can't go on—'cause the old pain's coming on again. Oh mother, do lay me down, please; I'm tired of sitting by the fire."

The mother left the ironing on which she was engaged, and, taking her crippled boy in her arms, carried him across the room to a little bed that stood in a sheltered corner.

"I knew how it would be," she said, throwing over him a ragged shawl, and kissing him lightly on the forehead. "You've been knocking yourself up with working so hard at that kettle-holder. I dare say the lady's in no hurry for it."

"But, mother, if she pays me for it handsome, as she said she would, it'll go towards what we owe at the baker's; then we shan't have to sell my pigeons."

His mother answered, as most mothers would, perhaps, under the circumstances, that she was sure it was not at all worth while to get knocked up for the sake of two pigeons—a remark which had no other effect than that of exciting in Jesse a strong feeling of dissent.

"Jack's fondest of me," he said, presently. "I should be most sorry to part with him. I think, too, he is the prettiest of the two, almost. His neck does shine so—like jewels—don't it, mother? I wonder," he added after a pause "if Miss Frazier has any more jewels besides her di'mond."

"What are you talking of, dear?" said his mother, rather absently; for she was testing the heat of a flat-iron by holding it near her cheek.

"About Miss Frazier, mother—the lady who ordered the kettle-holder of me, you know. Is she coming instead of the district lady now, do you think?"

"Only for a time, dear, while the district lady is at Brighton. She's a friend of hers, and is taking her rounds

for her. I can't say I like her so well, she's not so affable quite."

"Well, I do like her, mother, for she showed me her ring. While she was talking to me, before you came in, she pulled off her glove, and I saw her ring sparkle, and she let me look at it. She said it was a di'mond, a very precious stone indeed. Do you think it's like the jasper stone in Rev'lations?"

"Well, you see, I can't tell. You'd better ask Miss Frazier when next she comes."

"Might I? I should like to, but—" Before Jesse could finish his speech a young woman looked into the room.

"Mrs. Andrews," she said, "here's a lady wants you. She didn't ring your ring; so my little girl she went to the door. It's the lady that comes instead of the visiting lady, I believe."

"Oh, my kettle-holder," cried Jesse; "does she think it's done already?"

His mother silenced him with a look, and stepped forward to receive her visitor, who swept into the room, complaining, not very graciously, of the number of stairs she had to mount. "Such dirty stairs, too," she said, "she really wondered Mrs. Andrews could live in such a place!" Perhaps Miss Frazer would not have said this had she been in a good humour; perhaps she would not have said it at all had she remembered that she would have felt decidedly displeased had any one of her own acquaintances cast reproach upon her for residing in Bloomsbury instead of Belgravia; but some people have a singular inaptitude for putting themselves in the place of other people, and trample under foot, with complete unconsciousness, the golden rule, "Do as you would be done by."

Mrs. Andrews, being a meek-spirited woman, took, however, no sort of offence, but only apologised quite humbly for her room. "It is a long way for you to come up, indeed, ma'am, and the stairs, as you say, is very dirty; there's so many tramping up and down them always. But you see we living at the top of the house, get the air, and that's a good thing for my poor boy."

"Ah, well, it may be perhaps. How do you do, Jesse? How are you to-day? You know what I am come for, of course?"

The pleased smile which was overspreading Jesse's face died away—withered by the strong current of cold air that seemed, figuratively speaking, to have entered along with Miss Frazer.

"You can guess what I am come for," she repeated. "I am come to ask whether—dear me, what's that?"

She stopped, startled by the whirl of wings; for a beautiful pigeon which had been walking unnoticed about the room took a sudden upward flight, alighting on Jesse's shoulder.

"Ah, you're a knowing one," murmured the crippled boy; "you don't like me to forget you, you don't;" and he glanced wistfully towards Miss Frazer, thinking she would surely admire the metallic lustre that gleamed on his favourite's throat. Great, therefore, was his disappointment when she only said, "How strange to keep pigeons in your room! That cannot be wholesome, I should fancy."

"They've a little house outside the window where they live, ma'am," answered Mrs. Andrews, still humble and apologetic. "My boy has a pair of 'em—Jack and Jill he calls 'em, and he makes himself quite silly about them, I do assure you, as I often tell him."

"Jill's white with pink eyes," said Jesse, warming with the subject. "She's a reg'lar beauty, but—"

Miss Frazer interrupted him. "I have come to ask for my ring," she said suddenly! You have found it, of course?"

"Your ring, ma'am!" exclaimed the mother and son in the same breath.

"Yes," said Miss Frazer in a positive tone. "I took it off, yesterday, to show Jesse what a diamond was like, and I must have forgotten to put it on again. I did I know."

"I'm sure I never saw it, ma'am," said Mrs. Andrews in some alarm; "did you, Jesse?"

"I see the lady slip it on her finger again after I'd looked at it," said Jesse. "Ma'am, you did indeed."

But this Miss Frazer declared was impossible. On leaving the Andrews' on the previous day, she had gone at once to a glove-shop in Holborn, and there, while trying on a pair of winter gloves, had discovered that her diamond

ring was missing. She had felt, however, no uneasiness on its account, as she remembered having left it on a little table that stood beside Jesse's bed. "I put it on that table in order that you might see the stone sparkle in the sunlight," she said. "Surely, you recollect my doing so?"

"Yes ma'am, but—"

"You must have found it," said Miss Frazer with increasing warmth. "You or your mother. I had an engagement which prevented my returning for it at the time, but I must say I fully expected that Mrs. Andrews would have brought it to me in the course of last evening."

Jesse and his mother looked at each other, protesting that they had seen nothing of the ring, but their words produced no effect, for Miss Frazer, who held her own sagacity in high estimation, was determined not to be influenced by mere asseveration. She hinted at police investigation, throwing Jesse into an agony of terror, for physical weakness had rendered him timid, and like many children of the poorer class, he had unfortunately been taught to hold the police in aversion and dread.

"I think you'll tell me the truth now," said Miss Frazer, perceiving she had made an impression. "Your mother, I remember, was not here when I showed you the ring, and I think you must have hidden it without her knowledge."

Poor Jesse could no longer speak, but he continued to shake his head most vehemently.

"Very well, if you won't confess, I shall return home and consult Mr. Frazer, my papa, as to what can be done. The ring is a very valuable ring, and I shall not rest until I have traced it out. But, remember, it is much worse to be the person who has stolen it, than to be the person who has lost it—a great deal worse to steal a thing than lose a thing always—always!"

With these words, on the utterance of which she rather prided herself, Miss Frazer went away, leaving Jesse far more truly wretched than he had ever been in his life before. A fit of nervous trembling had seized him, which lasted many hours, and during the whole of the next day, and for some days follow-

ing, he lived in continual and most distressing apprehension of being torn away from his mother, and carried off to prison. His worst fears were not realised, for the dreaded policeman never came, and after a while he became calm enough to sit up by the fire again, and work at his kettle-holder, which his mother persuaded him to finish, in the faint hope that Miss Frazer might yet call to claim it. She had expended a shilling she ill could spare in purchasing materials for it, but it pained her to see how flushed he would grow as he unpicked the wrong stitches he sometimes made. The work seemed to worry rather than amuse him, and she would sigh assent whenever a sympathising neighbour remarked to her—presumably by way of consolation—he had never been the same since he had had that shock, and most likely he never would be the same, poor fellow!

Miss Frazer, in the meanwhile, had by no means reconciled herself to the loss of her ring. She felt a good deal annoyed by the supineness with which the matter was treated, not only by her own father and her relations, generally, but also by the police. "So provoking!" she remarked to her friend, the district visitor, when the latter returned from Brighton, "they all say I can't prosecute because I mayn't have left my ring at those people's after all. But though I couldn't swear to it, I'm certain I did, so you won't give them any more coal-tickets, will you, dear." The district visitor, who disliked Mrs. Andrews because she had discovered that she went occasionally to a dissenting chapel, said she undoubtedly should not, and thus it happened that during the whole of an unusually severe winter Jesse and his mother received no assistance whatever. Miss Frazer tried to think that this was perfectly right, yet now and then an unbidden misgiving would cross her mind, and she felt considerably startled when one morning in early spring, her father exclaimed, as he turned over the *Times*, "Why, Nellie, look here! at this advertisement: 'Found a ring, supposed to have been lost by a lady in November last. Apply to,—don't you see, to your glove-shop in Holborn!'"

"Oh dear! It can't be my ring surely,"

cried Miss Frazer, not feeling so much pleased as might have been expected.

"Depend upon it, it is, child. There's good luck for you! I always thought, though, it would turn up. Better go and claim it at once."

His daughter took his advice, and being recognised at the shop, established her right to the ring, which she recovered on merely paying the expense of the advertisement. Its story was a curious one; it had been found resting in the finger of a felt-lined glove which she had tried on, but which since that time until quite recently, had been lying beneath some other gloves in a shop-drawer. The possibility of her having drawn off the ring along with the thick winter glove had naturally never occurred to her, but she wished she had not been so hasty in her accusations, and by no means relished the thought of having to go, and explain, and apologise to "those people."

But being really conscientious, she started at once to fulfil the unpleasant duty that lay before her, and this time did not even notice the number of stairs she had to mount. Jesse was alone, lying in bed, more covered up than usual. He turned upon her a startled look, which subsided as she spoke kindly to him. "How are you, Jesse? not so well, to-day, I fear."

"No, ma'am, I ain't; I caught cold about a month ago mother thinks."

"Caught cold?—how was that?"

"Well you see, just when the weather was so sharp, mother was slack of work, and for a day or two we'd no fire. We ain't had no coal-tickets this winter."

"Oh, I'm so sorry! You shall have some now. I'll speak to the district lady about it. Jesse, I thought you'd like to know it. I've found my diamond ring."

"Have you? I am glad!" And the boy's languid eyes dilated with pleasure. "Perhaps you'll take the kettle-holder now," he said. "It ain't done so very nice, some of the stitches are awry; mother thinks it's because I don't see so well any longer."

"Oh, but it'll be sure to do beautifully; I'll give you half-a-crown for it. Is this it? it's just what I wanted. You

must work me another some day. How is your parrot, Jesse;—your pigeon, I mean—quite well?"

"My pigeon, ma'am—oh, he's sold; both of 'em is sold. Mother was hard up, and we had to part with them."

Jesse's lip quivered as he said this, but he presently resumed in a more cheerful tone:

"They've a good home, I'm glad of that. Jack's such a cunning chap! he come back, he come tapping one morning at our window, but mother she wouldn't keep him, she said as we'd been paid for him, it wasn't honest, so she carried him back to the young gentleman as had bought him, and he's got to be very happy there; he wouldn't have been happy without Jill, do you see."

Miss Frazer offered to buy for him another pair of pigeons, but with many thanks, he declined, saying he could not attend to them now, not until he got better.

"Ah, bless his heart! He never will be no better in this world," said Mrs. Andrews, coming hastily, and rather nervously, into the room, for news had been brought to her of the arrival of her visitor. Miss Frazer, unaccustomed to the poor, was astonished by her want of reverence, and tried to drown her remark by relating—just a little awkwardly—the strange way in which she had recovered her ring. But when she turned to Jesse again, she saw that he did not look in the least distressed, though his next words showed the direction which his thoughts had taken.

"Please, ma'am," he said, catching her compassionate expression, "Would you let me look at your diamond once more? Oh, thank you! But don't pull it off your finger, ma'am, pray don't! Now, is this here at all like a Jericho-stone, do you know?"

"A *jasper*-stone, as is spoken of in Revelations, he means, ma'am," explained Mrs. Andrews.

Miss Frazer could not quite remember the passage to which they referred, but she found it without difficulty in Jesse's little Testament, and at the boy's request, read it aloud, her voice faltering a little as she passed on from the description of the jewelled city, to the words:—"And I saw no temple therein,

for the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple of it."

"It's very beautiful and comforting," she said, twinkling away her rising tears, "but I won't tire you by reading any more now, my dear. I'll come and read to you again another day. Mrs. Andrews, I really am very sorry for my mistake."

"Don't name it, ma'am," answered the good-natured woman, accepting with some show of reluctance the money which her visitor pressed upon her. "It was a bit of a shock to us, particular to him, poor fellow! but it's all over now."

"And you don't think it hurt him—not seriously, permanently, I mean?"

"No, ma'am, the parish doctor says not. If any thing has hurt him, it is a chill he took, but that wasn't sufficient. It's his old complaint that is carrying him off, nothing could have saved him."

Miss Frazer felt very remorseful, nevertheless; and contrition did her good, softening her rather hard nature. She not only induced her friend, the district visitor, to assist Jesse and his mother again, but often called upon them herself, generally bringing some little delicacy to the sick boy, and sitting beside him for a while to talk and read to him about the New Jerusalem. The latter part of the Book of Revelation had affected his imagination, and it was in this he chiefly delighted, but one day he asked for something different. "Ma'am, please, I don't want that, I want to hear about Mary and Jesus, and the garden, you know," and when she had read to him a portion of the twentieth chapter of St. John, he drew a long breath, saying, "So nice, wasn't it, ma'am, for Mary to find him just the same as he was before? He couldn't have been no kinder, but to find him the same *was* nice."

Poor Jesse! he seemed very, very bright that day, but his brightness resembled the sudden upleaping of a flickering flame just before it goes out. The next time his friend came to see him, she found the room darkened, and was greeted with the words, "He is gone!"

He had sunk rapidly at last, and had passed the two days previous to his death in a state of partial unconscious-

ness, speaking, whenever he did speak at all, not on religious subjects, but of his two pigeons, which he fancied were fluttering around him.

"But the Lord won't judge him for that!" said his weeping mother, who, ignorant of the ordinary ordination of Providence, had expected him to die in a state of exalted feeling. "The Lord knows he did try to think of Him as long as he was able."

"Oh, yes, I am sure of that," said Miss Frazer through her tears, and "He has taken him to Himself."

"Yes, ma'am, and he'll see it now, won't he?—the gates of pearls, and the gold and the precious stones, he'll see it all, now."

Yes!—that or something still more glorious. To see Him, the Risen One—

"In the heaven of heavens the same
As on earth he went and came."

Ah! that would be far better than beholding the jewelled foundations, or pearly gates of the celestial city, better for Jesse—better for us all. So thought Miss Frazer.

THE DUTY OF PARENTS TO THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

BY MRS. A. A. ELLIS.

It seems to me that our accountability to God, and duty toward each other, commences very early in life, although we may be very late in seeing it. We should never be called upon to perform any duty unless the relationship which exists between parent and child presupposes our seeing and being able to perform it.

The mother does not need to be told, it is her duty to care for the little babe which has just been given her, for the great fountain of mother-love has been stirred within her, and her love makes it her pleasure and her happiness to minister to all its little wants; as it grows older and begins to open its little eyes in wonder, it soon knows the face that smiles upon it, and the loving hands that care for it, and when it commences its childish prattle, and is soon asking us such thoughtful questions about life, and God, and the other world, that if we are true parents we find we have a duty to perform in training and developing their little thoughts into larger ones,

giving them hopes and aspirations which will do them good all through their life.

Who does not remember the first early lessons 'on the mother's lap? When we first learned the "Now I lay me down to sleep," and we felt so happy and secure, with her arms enfolding us, as if she would shield us from every sin and wrong, and keep us always pure and good. O the mother is the patron saint to so many of us older children!

The teacher sees readily who of the class has had home-training, by the knowledge they have of the subject, their quick and ready answer, and we have only to say, "Johnny, how do you know about it?" "O my father helps me get my lessons," or when talking in the class about the lesson being what St. John says, "Little children love one another," little Alice says, "that is our motto at home, we find it very hard sometimes, but mother says we must keep trying." Blessed are the children who have both fathers and mothers who are interested in so grand and noble a work as the Sunday-school.

It is vain for the teachers to enforce any religious truth on the mind of the child without the example and influence of the parent co-operating with them.

We need more thoughtful earnest co-operation of the parents with the teachers and in the Sunday-school, the religious moral and physical training of the child should be their constant care, and any failure to do this will bring regret and sorrow.

Do we as teachers do our duty in calling on the children and becoming acquainted with them and the parents in their homes, thus securing the interest and co-operation of the parent with the teacher, without which the parent may influence in one direction, and the teacher in another; so while the teacher may succeed in awakening an interest in her class, on the duty of uniting with the church, the parent objects, and thinks them not old enough, or that they do not understand the faith, or that they had better wait awhile; so the golden opportunity is lost, and they often go on late in life, or until some great sorrow or affliction brings them into the fold.

I know we make many apologies to

ourselves that we cannot enter the Sunday-school, that we have not been educated and are not competent to teach, and that we are too tired, that we enjoy our new book better at home, or that we want to take a ride, or we always love a walk in the fields or woods, and that it is the dinner hour, we enjoy the quiet of home, while the children are away, and that it is too noisy, too hot, too damp, or too chilly; all of these and many more have been given as excuses for not frequenting the Sunday-school.

But while I have been giving you the various reasons of some of the parents, I would like to give due honour to many others who are so faithful, and constant always in their classes, although you may hear them say, "I did not know as I could be here to-day, but I thought of my girls or my boys, I knew they would miss me so much, even if the weather was uncomfortable, and I had a new book I was interested in, or I was tired after Saturday's work, I felt a little lazy, and could enjoy the home till I obeyed the call of duty." I often feel discouraged that parents (dare I say fathers?) do not feel interested in coming into the school, when we so much need their personal influence among us; I wish any word I could say would induce them to come with us. They shall hear in their hearts the singing of joy and love.

Then again my heart has been made glad when one has said to me, "I shall always take my children and go with them, as the very best results I have ever known have come out of the Sunday-school." Also when I heard one of our noblest ministers say, "I owe whatever I am under God to my mother and the Sunday-school."

HELL.—It would require the *properties of fire* to be altered before men could live in it for ever. Some would say, *God* can work a miracle. If God could work a miracle he would work one to make men good, and keep them out of hell, and not to keep them alive and wicked in a brimstone fire. If I could work a miracle, I should work one to make my children perfect in goodness and eternally happy; and is God less kind or considerate than I? There is not a man on earth that would work an eternal miracle to make mankind eternally miserable. Would you, I ask, make *God* more cruel than the worst of men?

A STREET DISCUSSION.

SINCE the visit of Moody and Sankey to one of our Northern towns, the town has been in a state of religious excitement. Revival services have been held in theatres, halls, and the open air. The doctrines of "hell fire," a personal devil, "and justification by faith," have been advocated with a zeal worthy of better doctrines. The revivalists, however, do not always get their own way, as the following discussion, overheard by the writer, shows.

A young man was speaking to a group of what he seemed to deem ignorant men—and telling them that in order to be saved they must depend upon faith alone—good works were of no avail.

An Irishman interposed with the remark, "I take it, we have to be saved by good works as well as faith."

Young man: "Nothing of the kind, we are saved by faith only. St. Paul says, 'We are justified by faith and not by works.'"

Irishman: "I know St. Paul says that, but what does St. James say? St. James says, 'Faith without works is dead, being alone.' What do you make of that now?"

Young man: "St. James' epistle is not of such good authority as St. Paul's, and it was written only for a certain section of the people."

Irishman (addressing the crowd): "Did you iver hear the loikes o' that, now? '*For a certain section of the people!*' I take it, St. James wrote his epistle for iverybody, for the instruction of iverybody that loiked to read it."

Young man: "It was written for a certain section. It was written for lazy Christians."

Irishman (to the crowd again): "Did you iver hear the loikes o' that now? For lazy Christians! There isn't such a thing as a lazy Christian; for I take it, if a man's lazy he is no Christian at all at all."

Young man: "But St. Paul distinctly says, 'We are saved without the works of the law.'"

Irishman: "I know St. Paul says that, but St. Paul says other things as well; he says—I give you the chapter

and the verse, 1st Corinthians, xiii. 2—
‘Though I have all faith, so that I
could remove mountains, and have not
charity (and charity, I take it, is good
works), I am nothing.’ What do
you make of that now?”

Young man (turning over the leaves
of the New Testament he held in his
hand): “I’ll read you something Jesus
Christ says.” Having found the
place after some trouble, he read:
“As Moses lifted up the serpent in the
wilderness, even so must the Son of
Man be lifted up, that whosoever
believeth in him should not perish but
have everlasting life.”

Irishman: “I know Jesus Christ
said that, but he said other things as
well. There was once a young man
came to Jesus, an’ he said, ‘What
must I do to inherit eternal loife?’
Jesus said to him, ‘What readeest thou
in the law?’ an’ he told him the
commandments; and the young man
said, ‘All these things have I kep’ from
my youth up.’ Now what did Jesus
tell him? Did he tell him what he
had done was no good at all at all?
Nothing o’ the koind. He loved the
young man because he had been so
good, and kep’ God’s commandments so
well. But Jesus said, One thing thou
lackest.’ Now what did he lack?
Was it faith? Oh! no, not at all at
all. Jesus said to him, ‘Go and sell
all that thou hast’ (the young man, I
take it, wasn’t self-denying enough) and
give to the poor.’ And *distribute*
to the poor. Wasn’t that *good works*? I
take it, it was; and that he was to be
saved by’em too; for Jesus said, ‘An’ *thin*
thou shalt have treasure in heaven and
follow me.’ What do you make of that
now?”

Young man: “Well, I’ve read to
you what Jesus says; he says, ‘Whoso-
ever *believeth* in him shall not perish
but have everlasting life.’ I’ll read
you the verse again (which he did).
‘Now there you have it. You have
to *believe* and have everlasting life. I
can do no more with you, and if you
don’t believe, then you’ll be lost.”
Saying which he made his way through
the crowd and left the Irishman; who
turning to the by-standers, thus ad-
dressed them: “Did you iver hear the

loikes o’ that? But that’s just the way
all them fellows does, they tell you to
stick to the Boible, and when you gives
’em the Boible they won’t have it unless
it suits their own notions. But that’s
no way of doing with the Boible at all at
all. I take it, a man when he reads
his Boible should take one verse along
wid another, and see what the sense of
it all means. But the young jintleman
who’s been a’ talkin’ to us just now
chooseth only the parts that suit him
the best.”

Another Irishman here broke in
with the remark, “Och! to be shure, an’
that’s just what he does, he does the
same way with his Boible that I does
wid a leg o’ mutton. I cuts out the
parts that suits me the best.”

This remark so convulsed the by-
standers with laughter, that it put an
end to further discussion.

HYMNS FROM THE GERMAN.

(Prefixed to chapters of Zschokke’s “Hours
of Devotion.”)

God most sublime! whom thousand
nations own,

To sing Thy glory, men on earth essay;
Suns run their courses round Thy dazzling
throne,

Before Thee heaven-born seraphs fall
and pray;

My lowly cot I dedicate to Thee,
Thy House, O Lord, and Temple it shall
be.

Thy presence round it sheds an untold
light;

Who with Thee dwells, Thy truest priest
is he;

And from the heart, as from an altar
bright,

Rises the flame of worship pure and
free;

And he co-retastes the happiness of heaven,
Whose every hour is to Thy service given.

One only Father have we all,

God is His only name;

One humble origin have we,

From which at first all came.

And we are journeying to one home

Of everlasting rest,

A home above where, rich in joy,

All shall be ever blest.

Whoe’er with love believe in God,

And live in charity,

Though language, time, and space divide,
One brotherhood are we.

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

BRIEF REASONS.—A humble woman was asked in the West of England why she preferred to go to a certain chapel. She replied, "They go in later, they come out sooner, and they never talk about the devil."

SPECIAL PRAYERS.—A friend informs us that one of the leaders in a revival movement was a poor hand at paying his just debts. A humble shoemaker prayed that God would send down the spirit of honesty and lead men to pay their just debts. This completely upset the meeting, and no souls were saved that night.

THE FRIENDS, OR QUAKERS.—The American papers inform us:—"The 'Friends' are submitting to many innovations of their long-established customs very cheerfully. They now have opened Sabbath schools, and started prayer meetings, also hold sociables, and lately held a fair in Brooklyn. Says a reporter in speaking of this fair, 'It was carried on with great heartiness.'"

HUMBLE HIM.—A story is told of a High-Church bishop who was very much opposed to any one praying without a book. As he was riding out on a certain day his horse took fright, ran away, broke the gig, and broke the bishop's leg. The bishop was in great pain and in fear of dying, and called for some one to pray for him. There was an honest Christian man, one John Rodgers, who lived near by, who was sent for, and as he saw the situation of the prelate he was deeply affected. The burden of his prayer was as follows: "Seeing you have taken the bishop in hand to humble him, oh Lord, make thorough work. If breaking one leg won't answer, oh Lord, break t'other too!"

FROUDE AND KINGSLEY.—Froude and Kingsley were the subjects of a good epigram at Cambridge. Froude, in his inaugural address as Rector of the University of Edinburgh, ascribed a want of veracity to clerical writers; and his friend, Canon Kingsley, when resigning his professorship at Oxford, dwelt on the proneness of historians to indulge in fiction. The wits therefore put the two observations together, with the following result:—

Froude informs the Scottish youth
That parsons have no care for truth;
While Canon Kingsley loudly cries
That history is a pack of lies.

What cause for judgment so malign?
A brief reflection solves the mystery;
For Froude thinks Kingsley a divine,
And Kingsley goes to Froude for history.

PREPARE BEFORE SERVICE.—A clergyman once, when reading the burial service, came to the place where he must say, "our deceased brother (or sister)." He did not know which; so turning to a mourner, he asked whether it was a "brother" or a "sister." The mourner innocently said, "No relation at all, sir—only an acquaintance."

A WORD FOR BREVITY.—"Be brief, gentlemen," is the good advice given to clergymen by the "Congregationalist," the editor of which tells of a minister who prayed for forty minutes at a funeral. "Forty minutes," says the editor, "is a long while. Not Solomon in all his glory would have prayed at this length, had he dedicated a hundred temples."

BISHOP AMES tells a story of a slave-master in Missouri, in the olden time of negro vassalage, who said to his chattel, "Pompey, I hear you are a great preacher." "Yes, massa, de Lord do help me powerful sometimes." "Well, Pompey, don't you think the negroes steal little things on the plantation?" "I's mighty 'fraid they does, massa." "Then, Pompey, I want you to preach a sermon to the negroes against stealing." After a brief reflection, Pompey replied, "You see, massa, dat wouldn't never do, 'cause 'twould trow such a col'ness over de meetin'."

BUSINESS VERSUS SUPERSTITION.—An amusing story is told by the Custom-house officers at Basle in reference to a consignment of the celebrated Eau de Lourdes. On a demand being made for duty on the water as a medical fluid or medicant, it was replied that, strictly speaking, it was not a medicine, its beneficial properties only being developed by the faith of the recipient. The authorities, however, were resolute, and insisted on the duty being paid on the article, which was professedly being introduced as curative of disease. — *Morning Advertiser.*

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